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Select Tale.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was be gun. Of course, the English colors triumphed over the Papal.—Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence. but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the tri[al] of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emily clung to his arm and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself.—His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when at last the figure of the Pope, dressed in his pontificial robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips: "Oh monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!" sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough, the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh! sad were those prison hours! the girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints, and then came the vain consolation by which one endeavored to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grade of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary, the father's brow numbered more wrinkles; the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated

And the daughter!—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offense was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to; he had instituted a court of which he had made Lord Cromwell Vicar-General, for the express train of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creel was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favor with the Judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed in his new character of Vicar-General, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage and love, to papal Rome. Strangers, as they were, poor, unknowing, and unknown, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our north. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the Heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The Judges took their places; a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passions in the Judges, as well as in the judged. On one hand recreant fear abjured his creed; on another, heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake with even passionate desire, and the pile and the stake were given with unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age; the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the Pope as a true son of the church—denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his own doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court-stillness, the precursor of doom, broken onl[y] by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm.—[illegible] the expected sentence was in[illegible] came a suddan rush; [illegible]e thronged the court.—[illegible]ord Cromwell! room for [illegible]!" and the Vicar-General [illegible], and his state, with all [illegible] office, to assume his place [illegible] at that tribunal. Notes of [illegible] were laid before Lord [illegible]s told of the intended [illegible] made a gesture of ap-

A gleam of hope seemed to dawn upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet when the Vicar-General gave his token of assent, the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of dispair, ran through that court, and where it met the human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon the natural feelings that divide men from monsters.

The sound struck upon Cromwell s ear; his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emelia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking apparently to himself; "From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition and Charle's knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtment."

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter—"You are of Itilay—from Milan—is that your birth-place?"

"We are Tuscans," replied the merchant of Lucca; "and oh! noble Lord, if there is mercy in this world, show it now to this unhappy girl!"

"To both or to neither!" exclaimed the girl. "We will live or die together!"

The Vicar-General made answer to neither. He rose abruptly; at a sign from him the proper officer declared the court adjourned. The sufferers were hurried back to their cell; some went whither they would; others where they would not; but all disappeared.

A faint and solitary light gleamed from a chink of the prison wall—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou remember how thou hast felt and wept and agonized until the very excitement of the misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen. She was lying on the prison floor; her face pale, as if ready for the grave, the large tears yet resting upon her cheeks; and over her sat the merchant, thinking what a treasure she was and had ever been to him—he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered the prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed. His visitor advanced with a quiet tread; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet should it be, that his Judge, Lord Cromwell, the Vicar-General, stood before him, and stood not with threatening in his eye, not with denunciation on his lips, but took his stand on the other side of Emilia, gazing upon her with an eye in which pity and tenderness were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

"Awake, gentle girl, awake," said Lord Cromwell, as he stopped over Emilia.—"Let me hear thy voice once more, as it sounded in mine ear in other days."

The gentle accents fell too light to break the spell of that heavy slumber, and the merchant, whose fears, feelings and confusion formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of "Emilia! Emilia! awake and behold our judge!"

"Nay, nay, not thus roughly," said Lord Cromwell; but the sound had already called Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half-raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

'Look on me, Emilia," said Lord Cromwell; and, encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so the Vicar-General lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance; and, finally, in a voice of passionate amazement, she exclaimed: "It is the same! it is our sick soldier-guest!"

"Even so," said Lord Cromwell, "even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death as your judge; but fear not, gentle Emilia. the sight of thee comes like the memory of youth, and kindler thoughts across the sterner mood that lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation gradually lose the memory of gentler t[hough]ts. It may be Providence that hath [sent] the to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that but for my sight of thee had been sad unto death.—I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers laden with dew and rich with fragrance, which thou didst lay upon my pillow, while this heart throbbed with agony of pain upon it, fondly thinking their sweetness would be a balm! and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home.—Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed! To a prison, and well nigh unto death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father and share it."

An hour! who dare prophesy its events? At the beginning of that hour the merchant and his daughter had been so sorrowful captives of a prison; at its close they were the treasured guests of a palace.

[From Gleason's Pictoral.]

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

There was once a young girl who was so beautiful and good, that the greatest prince in Europe, if he had met her in a cottage, would have left all the princesses, to bestow upon her his hand and his crown. Now, far from having seen the light in a cottage, this young girl was born at the foot of the loftiest throne in the world. It was Marie Nicolœwha, the adored daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

Seeing her blooming as a flower of May, and sought by all the heirs of sovereigns, the czar cast eyes on the richest, handsomest and most powerful among them, and smiling on his i[do]l as a father and a king, said to her:

'My child, you are now of an age to be married, and I have chosen the prince who is to make you a queen, the man who is to render you happy.'

'The man who is to render me happy?' stammered the princess, blushing, with a sigh which was the only objection of her heart. 'Speak, my father,' added she, as she saw her father's brow wrinkled, 'speak, and your majesty shall be obeyed.'

'Obeyed!' exclaimed the emperor, trembling for the first time in his life; 'is it only from duty that you will receive a husband from my hand?'

The young girl remained silent and dropped a tear.

'Your faith is then promised to some one?'

The young girl still kept silence.

'Telle me, Marie, I command it.'

At this word, which moves fifty-five millions of men, the princess fell at the feet of the czar.

'Well, yes, my father, my heart is no longer my own. It has been given to a young man who knows nothing of it, who shall never know of it, if such is your desire. He has seen me only two or three times, at a distance—and we have never spoken to each other—we will never speak to each other, if your majesty forbids it.'

The emperor in his turn remained silent. He grew pale. He paced the saloon. He dared not ask the name of this man. He who would have braved, for a caprice, all the monarchs at the head of their armies, trembled at the thought of this unknown being who would dispute with him his dearest treasure.

'Is he a king?' asked he, at last.

'No, my father.'

'The heir of a king?'

'No, my father?'

'A grand duke?'

'No, my father.'

'A son of a reigning family?'

'No, my father.'

As each step descended, the czar paused, breathless.

'A Russian noble?'

'No, my father.'

'A foreigner?'

'Yes.'

The emperor threw himself into a chair, and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

'Is he in Russia?'

'Yes, my father.'

'At St. Petersburgh?'

'Yes, my father.'

And the voice of the young girl grew fainter.

'Where can I see him?' asked his czar, rising.

'To-morrow, at the review.'

'How shall I recognize him?'

'By his dignity and grace. He is the handsomest cavalier in Europe, next to yourself, my father.'

'By what shall I recognize him?' repeated the czar.

'By his green plume and black horse.'

'It is well. Go, my daughter, and pray God to have pity on this man.'

The princess retired, and the emperor remained absorbed in reflection.

'A child's caprice!' said he. 'I am foolish to make myself uneasy about it.—She will forget him. She must forget him!' And his lips dared not pronounced what his heart added: 'She must, for all my power would not be proof against her tears!'

The next day, at the review, the czar, whose eagle eye embraced all with a glance, sought and saw among the battalions only the green plume and black horse. He recognized in him how were the one and was mounted on the other, a simple Bavarian colonel of ligth horse Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Beauharnais, Duc de Leuchtenberg, the last child of the son of Josephine, the Empress of France, and of Auguste Amelie, the daughter of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, an admirable and charming cavalier, indeed, but as inferior in rank to Marie Nicolœwna as a soldier to an emperor.

'Is it possible?' asked the czar of himself, summoning the colonel, doubtless with the intention of sending him to Munich.

But at the moment he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped short at sight of his daughter, swooning in the carriage.

'There is no room for doubt; alas! it is he,' thought he.

And turning away from the astonished stranger, he returned with Marie to the imperial palace.

During six weeks, all that wisdom, tempered with love and severity, could devise, was essayed to destroy the image of the colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week, the latter was resigned; at the end of the second, she wept in private; at the end of the third, she wept in public; at the end of the fourth, she was willing to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of fifth, she fell sick; at the end of the sixth, she was about to die.

Meanwhile the Bavarian colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to acknowledge to himself the reason, waited only a dismissal to return to his regiment. He was about to set out for Munich, when an aid-de camp of the czar came to seek him.

'I should have started yesterday,' said he to himself; 'I should have avoided what now awaits me. At the first flash of lightning we should keep out of the way of the thunder.'

No this was the thunder in store for him. He was introduced into the cabinet, reserved for the reception of kings. The emperor was there, with pale complexion and moist eye, but with firm and resolute air.

'Colonel,' said he, casting upon him a penetrating glance, 'you are one of the first officers in Europe. It is said of you, and I believe it, that you have a lofty spirit, a learned education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart and a loyal character. What do you think of the grand duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolœwna?'

This direct question bewildered the young man. It is time to say that he admired, adored the princess, without having dared to acknowledge it to himself; as a simple mortal adores an angel of Paradise, as an artist adores his idols of beauty.

'The Princess Marie, sir?' exclaimed he, at last reading his own heart, without daring to read that of the czar; 'your anger would crush me if I should say what I think, and I should die of happiness if you would allow me to say it.'

'You love her! it is well,' resumed the czar, smiling benevolently.

And the royal hand from which he expected the thunderbolt, successively conferred on the colonel the brevet of aid-de camp general of the empire, president of the Academy of Arts, etc., all with the title of imperial highness and several millions of revenue.

'Now,' said the czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, 'will you quit the service of Bavaria and become the husband of the Princess Marie?'

The officer could only fall on his knees and bathe the hands of the emperor with his tears.

'You see that I also love my daughter,' said the father raising his son-in-law in his arms.

On the 14th day of July following, the grand duchess was restored to health and to life, and the Duke Beauharnais de Leuchtenberg espoused her in the presence of the representatives of all the royal families of Europe.

Such an act of paternal love merited to the czar and his daughter an age of happiness. Heaven, which has its secrets, had decreed otherwise. On Friday, the 5th of November last, the Duke de Leuchtenberg died at thirty-five, worthy to the last of his high destiny, leaving to Marie Nicolœwna eternal regrets.

Her hand is again disputed by all the young princes in the world; but she has been too happy a wife to consent to become a queen.

NATURE VS. ART.—There are looks and gestures of quiet, unheard-of-women, a housekeeper, a governess, a sodden washerwoman, and of men as commonplace as any whom Holborn, or Manchester or May Fair generates, in which a thoughtful eye will read tragedies to draw deeper, bitterer tears than Shakspeare's Othello, Goethe's Tasso, or all the woes of Euripides. I have stood in a group of peasants before a painted Crucifixion, and there were looks of sympathy which mine, perhaps, reflected. But I heard a heavy breathing behind me, and turning, I saw a woman who had brought her sorrows thither, not found them there. She stood with dull and heavy eyes beholding the painted grief of the Holy Virgin Mother. I never knew what was her calamity. She too, doubtless was mourning for a son, perhaps for his crimes. But I felt that to me sublime religion and perfect art were nothing while I saw so close to me a living, genuine misery.—*Stirling.*

☞ During the "Shinplaster" days, a well known French barber in Washington, issued certain fippenny bit notes, which purported on the face to be redeemable in specie, at sight, when presented in sums of no less than five dollars or singly good for a shave at his establishment.—One day while occupied in lathering down a customer, he was accosted by a boy who merely held out to him two of his own notes.

"Vat you vant—ch?" inquired Monsieur.

"Master says I'm to get a shilling for those notes, sir."

"A *sheeling!* Pardieu! cannot your master read? Does he not know vat ze notes say 'payable ven present in soms not less zan five dollars." Go back to your master and tell him to read it."

As the boy vanished, the little barber looked after him, and exclaimed—

"I don't zink zat he will come back.—Ze notes say 'in soms of five dollars,' and I did only issue *four dollars and fifty cents.*"

STORY OF A HUMORIST.

Well, I have seen your friend, and find him to be exactly what you described him as being—a *humorist*. He seems to have imparted much of that character to everything around him. His servants are all admirably disciplined to second his whims, and his very furniture is, for the most part, adapted to the same purpose This put me upon my guard; and there was hardly anything in the room that I did not touch with apprehension. No trick, however, was practiced upon me; and, as I found subsequently, I was indebted for such indulgence to one which was reserved for me at night, and which was such as perhaps all my English phlegm would not have enabbled me to bear with patience. I escaped, however, being put to the proof, by the merest accident—the arrival of a poor Scotch surveyor, who was thought a fitter subject for the often repeated expriment.

The Scotchman was treated with extreme hospitality; he was helped to everything to excess; his glass was never allowed to stand full or empty for one minute. The potations were suspended not until, and only while, the cloth was laying for supper, during and after which they were resumed with renovated energy. Our entertainer was like the landlord described by Addison; the liquor seemed to have no other effect upon him than upon any other vessel in the house. It was not so with this Scotch guest, who was, by this time, much farther advanced upon the cruise of intoxication than *half seas over*.

In this state he was conducted to his chamber—a fine lofty Gothic apartment, with a bedstead that seemd coeval with the building. I say seemed; for that was by no means the case, it being in reality a modern piece of structure. It was of dark mahogany, with ist four posts extending completely to the ceiling of the chamber. The bed, however, was not more than about two feet from the floor, the better to enable the party to get into it. The Scotchman, with a good deal of assistance, was soon undressed, and had his body deposited, in this place of repose. All the party than retired, wishing him a good night, and removing the candle for fear of accidents.

When the door was closed, I was, for the first time, made acquainted with the structure of the bedstead, which our host considered as his masterpiece. Upon the touching of a spring, outside the door, the bed was so acted upon by a pulley that it ascended slowly and smoothly through the four posts, until it came within two feet of the ceiling. The snoring of the Scotchman was the signal for touching the spring, and he was soon at the proper latitude.

The servants required no instructions how to act. In one moment the house was in an uproar; cries of "fire! fire!" were heard in different directions. A pile of shavings was set in a blaze opposite the window where poor Sawney slept.—The landlord's voice was continually heard, exclaiming, "Good heavens! save the poor Scotch gentleman, if possible; the flames havs got into the room just under him!"

At this moment, we heard him fall, and blellow out. A sudden silence took place: every light was extinguished, and the whole house seemed to be buried in the most profound repose. The Scotchman's voice could be heard, roaring out, in the high dialect of his country, for assistance.

At length, two of the men servants, in their shirts, entered the room, with a candle just lit, and yawning, as if just aroused from their firts sleep. They found him sprawling on thefloor.

"O, dear, sir, what is the matter with you?"

"Matter!" sasy he; "why, isn't the house on fire?"

"Not at all, sir."

"What was the reason of the cries of fire, then?"

"Bless you, sir, you must have been dreaming; why, there's not so much as a mouse sturring, an[d] [up]on honour and the whole family have been asleep these three hours."

The Scotchman now gave up all credit in the testimony of his own senses.

"I must ha' been dreaming indeed, and ha' hurt myself by falling out of the bed."

"Hurt yourself, sir!—not much, I hope, the bed is so low;" and by this time it had been made to descend to its first level.

The poor Scott was quite confused; quite ashamed at disturbing the family; begged a thousand pardons, accompanied the servants to the door, closed it after them, and was once more left in the dark.

But the last act of the pantomime was not performed. The spring had been immediately touched upon closing the door; and the bed was soon beyond the reach of our guest. We could hear him groping about, and uttering frequent ejaculations of astonishment. He easily found the bed-posts, but it was in vain he could endeavour to get in. He moved his hands up and down. His leg was often lifted by way of stepping in, but always encountered the floor upon its descent. He uttered exclamations of surprise not loud, but deep, for fear of again disturbing the family. He concluded himself to be in the possession of soume evil spirit.

In short, when it was found, by his silence, that he had given up the taks as hopeless, and had disposed himself upon one of the chais, the bed was allowed to slide down again, and in the morning Sawney could not be express his astonishment at not being able to find it in the dark.—*Extract of a letter written in 1792.*

☞ In a common clay pitcher, from Australia, minute specks of gold have been detected.

Vice President King.

A correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune* thus describes the manner of administering the oath of office to Mr. KING. The incidents are novel in their character and will be read with interest;

"The day was a most beautiful one; the clear blue sky of the tropics over our heads, the emerald carpet of Cuba beneath our feet, and the delicious sea breeze of these latitudes sprinkling its coolness over all of us. Early in the morning Consul Rodney, deputed by Judge Sharkey to administer the oath, left town on horseback for the *Cumber*, accompanied by several American gentlemen. A pleasant ride of three miles brought us to the estate where Mr. King was residing, called *Le Cumber*, (the peak) from its situation on the culminating point of the hills that immediately surround Matanzas. The view from here is one of the most beautiful the eye ever looked upon. Far as the vision could reach in this clear blue expanse the beautiful valley of the Yumuri extended with its winding river, its varying fields of geen and gold, dotted here and there with white sparkling buildings that looked like pearls set upon emerald, and the brown hills stretching far, far away in the distance. No more lovely or more impressive spot could have been found in the whole world for the ceremony; and the solemn grandeur of the act and of the scene shed its spirit over us.

"The oath was administered by Consul Rodney to the Vice President, who was ready and waiting our arrival. The volante was brought up to the door, and Mr. King stepped into it, in order to ride into Matanzas before the sun should be too high to make it pleasant. The whole cavalcade, consisting of some twelve or fifteen American gentlemen, immediately mounting, and forming as an escort around the carriage; accompanied the Vice President to town.

"The Creoles who had gathered on the lawn round the house, uncovered, and many a heartfelt *Vaya vd. con Dois* (God be with you) broke from their lips as they rode away. On the road to town, the natives, wherever we met them, silently uncovered as we approached, and as we passed sped after us the same universal salutation. A few Spaniards, standing in gloomy ire at the doors of their shops, viewed us in silence, or muttered a sullen *ajo* as the dust from our horses' feet flew in their faces.

"Mr. King left Matanzas on the same day for the estate of Mr. Chartrain, in the partidor of Limonar, about eighteen miles from here. His health is very poor, and no one accustomed to see patients with pulmonary disease in this climate, but knows he cannot survive very long. He may live for months in this mild climate, but he can never be better. The old statesman views his coming fate with calmness, as one who has fought the good fight, and will lay hold of eternal life."

The Matter-of-Fact Man.

"I am what the old woman call 'An Odd Fish,' I do nothing under heaven, without a motive—never. I attempt nothing without I think there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they won't be granted. I grant no favors when I think they are not deserved, and finally, I don't wait upon girls when I think my attention would be disagreeable. I am a matter of fact man—*I* am. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a young lady home—I did seriously; that is, I meant to wait on her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her; and it has ever since been an enigma to me whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm and said not a word. I bade her 'Good night,' and she said not a word. I met her next day, and she said not a word. I met her again, and she gave a two hours talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, she said, and couldn't for the life of her conceive why. She begged me to explain, but didn't give me the ghost of a chance to do it. She said she hoped I wouldn't be offended; asked me to call, and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she really wanted me or not.

"I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I *did*. I inquired for the lady, and was told she was not at home. I expected she was. I went away thinking so. I rather think so still. I met her again. She was offended—said I had not been neighborly.' She reproached me for my neglgence; said she thought I had been unkind. And I've since wondered whether she was *sorry* or not.

'A lady once said to me that she should like to be married, if she could get a good congenial husband, who would make her happy or at least *try* to. She was not difficult to please, she said. I said, '*I* should like to get married, too, if I could get a wife that would try to make me happy.' She said 'Umph!' and looked as if she meant what she said. She *did*. For when I asked her if she thought she could be persuaded to marry me, she said, she'd rather be excused. I excused her, I've often wondered *why* I excused her.

"A good many things of this kind have happened to me that are doubtful, wonderful, mysterious. What, then, is it that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? *It is the want of fact.*—This is a matter-of-fact world, and, in order to act well in it, we must deal in matter-of-fact."

The salaries of the Vice Presid[illegible] Cabinet officers, including the [illegible] ries of State, Treasury, W[illegible] Interior, and the Postma[illegible] Attorney General, ar[illegible] creased from $6000 [illegible]

☞ A Beautiful Mind is like a precious and prolific seed—the mother of lovliness—the foundation of bliss—the produce of many treasured and inestimable flowers—no canker can deface nor time detroy. Even should there be those of its lovely produce that pass away, yet the source is there—the seed remains to revive—to remodifiy—to place again on our bosom and near our hearts, in renewed beauty—in the same deep interest and winning power as at first. We would gather it in as the richest possession—as the well-spring of the purest, and abundant and enduring joys—as our support—our comfort—and the cherished object, worthy of our highest admiration; and we could cling to it thanking God that it is immortal—living forever.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.—Who of us have not had [our] dreams of life in our young days, yet how few of us at the close of life can say, "have I filled and occupied the position to which I looked forward when a boy?" In the onward progress of life, how often, in some stray moment of thought and reflection, do we not find ourselves inquiring. "Is this as I hoped,—have I enacted my dream?" And the answer is invariably—No! We look forward in childhood—and only look forward—without reflection. We see the brightness of the sunshine in the distance, and we think no clouds can obscure it.—Happy vision, indeed, could we truly realise it! We build up gorgeous palaces, and we sketch a career of life all gold and sunshine—what are they, and where are they when years sober us!

☞ A young man having finished his medical studies, applied to an old gentleman to know whether his neighborhood would be an eligible situation for a physician.

"Why," replied the old man, "what can you do?"

"Why, sir, I can feel a pulse and discover from it what disease the patient is subject to."

"Here then, feel mine," said the old man, stretching out his arm.

"You are troubled with the headache," said the young physician, after a very sagacious look.

"Never had it in my life, sir," said the old gentleman.

This was a poser. Profound silence ensued.

"I suppose you think me a fool," said the physician, retiring.

"Ah, you know what I *think* but you don't know what I *feel*.

THE TRUE LIFE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light, to pace round in the mill of habit and turn the wheel of wealth, to make reason our book-keeper and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber. This is not true life. It is knowledge, wisdom, truth, love, beauty, goodness, contentment and faith that give vitality to our existence. The beacon stars that smoth down the rough places of life, and make earth a paradise of enjoyment.

☞ 'Mother,' asked a little girl, while listening to the reading of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'why don't the book mention Topsy's last name? I have tried to hear it whenever it spoke of her, but it has not once spoke it.'

'Why, she had no other name child.'

'Yes she had, mother, and I know it.'

'Wht was it?'

'Why Turvy—Topsy Turvy.'

'You had better go to bed, my dear,' said the mother. 'You are as bad as your old grandmother, for she can't say pork, without beans, for the life of her.'

COME AT LAST.—The query so often propounded—"When is a maiden an old maid?—is finally reduced to a symtomATIC certainty in the following, which our young gentleman will consurt in their prognosis of humanities:

When a woman begins drinking her tea without sugar—that's a symptom.—When a woman begins reading stories in bed—that's a symptom. When she begins telling how many offers she has refused—that's a symptom. When she begins to call man deceitful creatures and says she wouldn't have one for the world—that's a decided symptom. When she must have a little dog trotting after her, and when she says a servant girl has no business to have a sweatheart!—that's a symptom.

Grocer—Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say that I keep the best groceries in the city.

Editor—I'll thank you to supply my family with groceries gratis.

Grocer—I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper.

Editor—I thought you were glad to fill store-rooms for nothing. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Exit grocer, in a rage—th[illegible] kill the paper.

☞ Paul Hildreth [illegible] converts [illegible]